

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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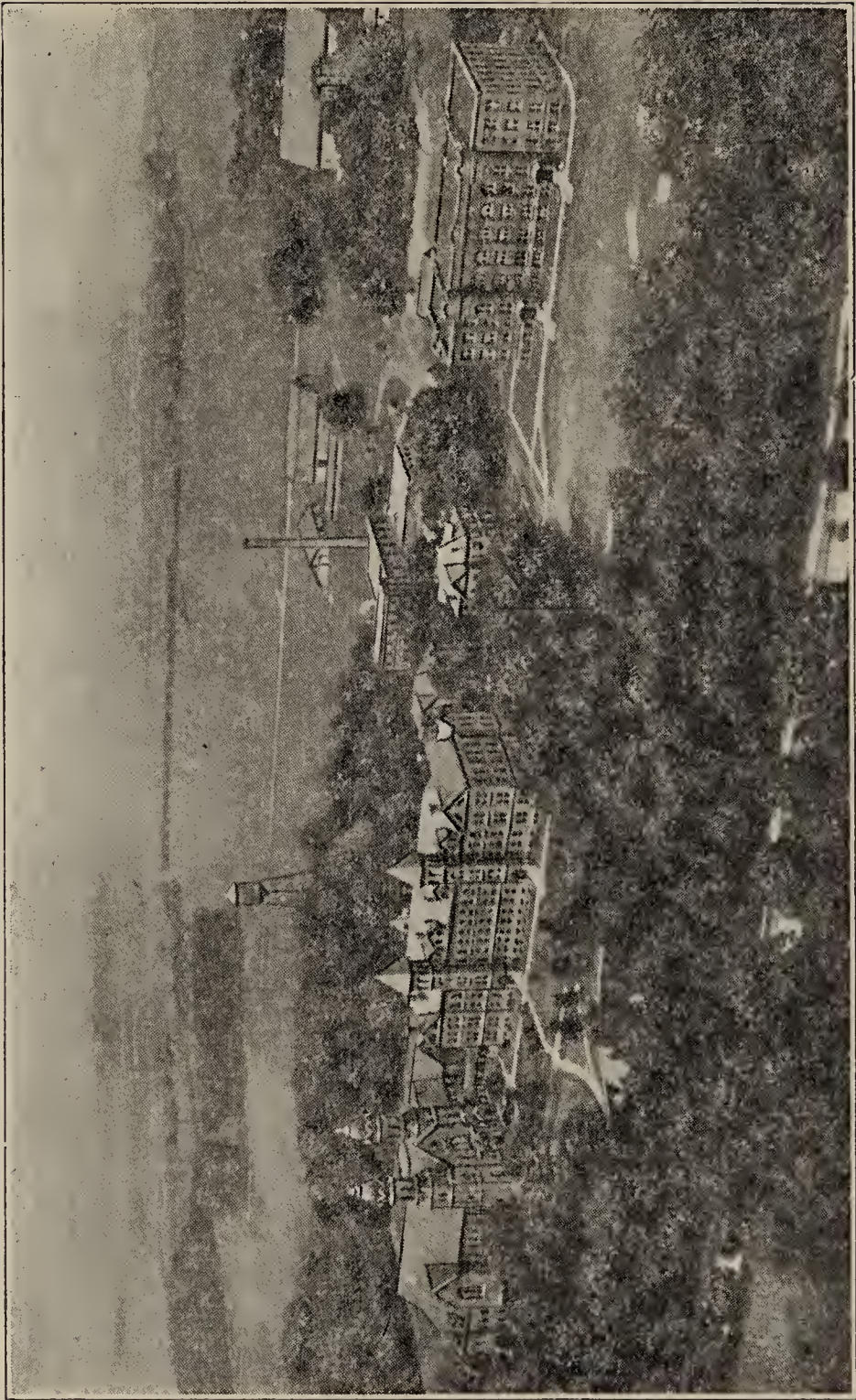
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## *A Lyric of the Woods*

Edmund Van Oss '34

THAT old school inspector, Matthew Arnold, came to a sharp issue with the statement flung into the teeth of critics even before his day that "those who can, do; those who can't, criticise." He set to work boldly in his "Essays in Criticism" to show that critical analysis of a literary work may have much originality of thought in it and necessarily will be an incentive to better authorship.

With the idea in mind that Matthew Arnold sponsors, though not with the idea in mind that my weak observations could urge Grace H. Conkling to become a better writer, I have decided to give a keen glance—if keen it may be called—to her idyllic nature lyric, "Maine Woods in Winter." Probably it is not worth while to insist that I read this poem, and that several times, but in the wide field of criti-

cism it has come to be almost a fashion to snatch at just a few lines of an author's work with the verdict, good up to the superlative, or bad in the same degree, immediately following. Personally, I do not like this sort of criticism. It is much like the "Oh, yes,—Let me see,—Sure I have," on the part of the "Would-Know-Alls" when they are confronted with the question, "Did you read the latest best seller?"

Now I do not know nearly all about Grace H. Conkling's poetry, but I do know enough about this poem of hers that I have chosen to bring under the lens for examination to say that it invites to the most quiet kind of meditation, such as ends in dreaming, on the scene which she has framed in her lines. There is the woods in its frozen quietude of winter:



"The forest sitting in its silver  
clothes

With ermine pulled about its  
knees—;"

there is the sublime feeling of the vast extent of time running to a million years; there are the grotesque shapes by which the snow has made of the woods "a floor of cloud;" there is the contrast of warmth and cold arising out of the suggestion that the snow-swept forest is similar to the white-blooming hedges of Maytime; to the blossoming pear-orchard, and to the captive foam of the coral islands. Indeed, as if imagination might need further help in securing furnishings for the world of fancy, the sun, the moon, and the starry heavens are called upon to lend their aid, or if their aid be not suitable, they are asked to get out of the way, "and blot the sky with dark," to avoid breaking the spell of the dream.

Far from being an idle experiment in image-making over which a reader might drowsily croon, "Maine Woods in Winter" proceeds to enliven the reader's mind by advancing questions of permanent interest. There is the fact of life and death and immortality thinly veiled under a lyric strain that will surprise a person upon detecting the ingenuity employed to conceal these profoundly important matters. If a quiet and thoughtful mind is essential to the reception of the mood that is enfolded in a lyric, then a lyric like the one under consideration, one almost mystical in nature,

will necessarily demand that a reader be passive, that is, will subordinate his personality to the little whims of the poet's feelings. If this demand be not met, then the poem, "Maine Woods in Winter" will convey no message; will have no music; will yield no inspiration.

Having experienced the delicate mood excited by reading this winter idyll, it is very natural that one should recall similar poems by contemporary authors for the purpose of comparison. There are suitable ones to this end in great number. One need but read "A Chant Out of Doors" by M. Wilkinson in order to experience a sentiment of absorbing wonder alike in many respects to that inspired by Grace H. Conkling in her sketch of a wintry scene. Both poems coming from these authors run in a serious vein. "A Chant" is, of course, worshipful and shows rapid changes in imagery, much like the successive devout invocations in a litany; while "Maine Woods in Winter" holds the attention fixed on a scene without motion or life. Again in the former poem, a solemn musical note prevails throughout; in the latter poem, a sprightly air is noticeable, such as stands in accord with the nature of a prayer of thanksgiving. Comparisons, alike in kind, might very well be made between "Maine Woods in Winter" and "Winter Branches" by M. Widdemer. In this case, however, the scene that is presented, the mood that is evoked, and the lilt of the meter are in every res-



pect thoroughly similar in both poems.

What W. Wordsworth said in his "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads" away back in 1799 with regard to the language to be used in romantic poetry must have been in the mind of Gracē H. Conkling when she wrote "Maine Woods in Winter." The great leader in the Romantic movement at that time insisted that observations on nature should be given in democratic language and minus all customary poetic conceit. That such language is the best, in poetry as well as in prose, which is drawn from the rank and file of society, namely, such as is used hourly to communicate the ordinary facts of daily life is evident. The following lines will illustrate that this advice has been followed out in the poem here considered.

"There is no better place than  
trees have found  
To live their lives in, past the  
million years  
That life has toiled to make  
them perfect trees."

Without the touch of meter, these

lines are merely good prose. This statement implies no adverse criticism; why should it? Who would dare to contradict the judgment of Wordsworth? But in plain, democratic language can also be highly poetical. Who would question the poetic quality in these lines?

"I shall creep close  
To watch the wind writing upon  
dry leaves  
With pencil of sunlight words I  
cannot read,  
And I shall write too, with an icicle  
That withers like a rainbow from  
my grasp."

What may be said about "technique, charming fancy, and a winning mood" in the lyric, "Maine Woods in Winter," cannot fall short of praise for the author. As for myself, I cannot lay the poem aside without wishing that Grace Conkling had written hundreds more like it. Her other poems are said to be finished and exquisite in kind, but my taste runs to this frosty winter scene in which trees and shrubs make a "floor of cloud."

---

### The Weaver

B. Schmitt '34

The fragrant green of Summer's leaving,  
While Autumn with rich threads of gold  
And myriad colors goes a-weaving  
Rare tapestries in wood and wold.



## Ode to Autumn

Patrick Thomas

Autumn comes. Hark to the notes  
That from the branches swell.  
Loudly triumphant, soft and tender the music floats  
As from ethereal throats  
The wild wind its rapture tells.  
Raindrop gems abound  
Upon the emerald ground  
When through each woodland dell  
Majestic walks the Queen of Autumn. Largess of gold,  
Of bronze, and copper, and tapestries old  
Of silken cobwebs, gleaming  
With varied tints of sunlight streaming  
Throughout its gossamer geometric weaving,  
Are strewn upon her way  
Until through all the glittering miles  
The trellised aisles  
Of forests and the floating glassy floors of silver brook and bay  
Are covered o'er with riches that so soon, alas, decay.

Mildly her reign begins, and all the balmy air  
Rich laden with a thousand perfumes, everywhere  
Is sweet with choral music of the feathered bards  
That in the tree lofts sing.  
Scarlet pennants fly  
Beneath the azure sky,  
And vines in gay festoons hang blossoms fair  
Twixt shrub and tree. The foxglove bell  
Adds beauty to new beauty in each leafy palace where  
The fairies dwell.  
Peace guards  
Her reign.  
And when at last begins to wane  
The brightness of the splendid day  
The star lamps of the night  
Shine softly through the soft moonlight.  
Peace her sable mantle gently loves to fling  
Upon the earth, enfolding every tender thing  
That calmly sleeps on field and hill and bay.





## *The Way of the Unexpected*

Michael J. Stohr '34

SUMMER vacations have a queer way of allowing things to happen. Sometimes the surprises that shamble along, trying to keep pace with the stalking days, but usually failing in this attempt, prove unpleasant; but mine were all of the agreeable kind, particularly so during one summer that is now ten years old. At that time, in the early part of the month of August, I happened to wander near the banks of a stream that is now dammed up to make the great Lake of the Ozarks. A romantic region it was, one of the kind that can start a flood of idle musings in any youthful mind. Of course, to me it came as near to being a paradise as any place ever could be. I had seen but little of the world up to that time, and my inexperience naturally helped along the illusion that no other spot on all the earth could be more inviting.

Gradually my exhilarated feelings burst into song. I felt impelled to complete the luxurious scene

about me by adding a touch of music. Victor Herbert's "Oh, Sweet Mystery of Life" seized upon my fancy, and I sent the words out with all the volume I could command in order to awaken every possible echo among the neighboring hills and clumps of trees. How astonished I was at the time, I cannot now describe in words, at finding that I had started an echo that answered my first stanza of that song by giving the second. Of course, I felt amazed at this performance, evidently freakish in its nature. I could have known at once that I was answered by another human voice in a place where I thought myself quite alone, but I did not wish to break the lull of solitude which I was heartily enjoying. A rustling in the leaves, however, broke the spell of enchantment. Merging out of a brake of hazel bushes, a man hove into view. I felt like one who is caught trespassing on private property in spite of a plainly written sign, "Keep



Out." But through the shaggy whiskers of the man, which clearly indicated his age, I saw a pleasant smile, albeit a funny one.

"Come out here to take voice culture, eh?" quizzed a voice grown soprano by the help of years.

"No, not that," I answered, "I merely felt inclined to sing because of the beauty of the surroundings."

"So my estate pleases you, and your voice must please my daughter who is a vocalist. I heard her answering you from the small pergola at the front of my cottage," he returned.

"Your cottage?" I inquired, "I see no cottage in this neighborhood."

"Ah, yes," he answered. "Yonder among that group of alamos, right across the narrow arm of water jutting out from the lake, hardly a quarter of a mile from here, you will see my cottage. I live there alone with my daughter. Will you come with me and see for yourself?"

"If my presence will cause no inconvenience, surely," I assented.

"No inconvenience, sir, no inconvenience," he drolled. "But wait just a moment," he urged, "I want to take a string of fish along. You see, I was fishing when I heard you sing and heard my daughter answer you."

"You are a fisherman by trade, are you not?" I inquired.

"No, not by trade," he answered, "It is my sport. But let's go now."

I was speculating on the nature

of my visit with this utterly strange man and with his still stranger daughter as he and I rounded the end of the narrow strip of water beyond which lay his home. There among the alamos it stood, neat and trim looking. If the inside of that home were to correspond to its looks from the outside, I felt at once that a taste superior to his must rule the place. I found my guess to be a fact. More cheery and clean a room could hardly be than was the one which he and I entered after coming to the house. His daughter, however, was not there to greet us. She was busy at sewing in the pergola, as I found out later, and had not noticed our coming.

"Helen, where are you?" called my strange host.

"Here I am," she answered and immediately came out of the pergola carrying her sewing basket and several pieces of dress goods.

"We have a visitor for the evening. Come meet Mr. —oh, well, pardon my awkwardness," stammered my host, "in the surprise of our unexpected meeting, we forgot to get each other's names. My name is Bradshaw. Yours?"

"Call me Dick Patton," I replied.

Altogether, my introduction to Helen Bradshaw was quite informal, but the notice she and I took of each other was not completely indifferent. Her ready smile indicated as much on her part, and the light of youth and life that played in every part of her oval, brunette



features had much appeal for me. On bidding me a welcome to her home, she hurried to prepare dinner. Meanwhile her father and I went to the little pergola for a friendly chat. In the course of our conversation, I learned that Mr. Bradshaw—the name by which I now addressed him—was a retired major-general of the Spanish-American War. At some length, he dwelt upon the death of his wife and of two of his children. Then as he was about to explain how he came to possess the beautiful home that was now his, a clear call from Helen summoned us to dinner.

At the table, Helen led the conversation for the most part. She was evidently inquisitive to know something about my antecedents and also about my present interests. I was glad to inform both her and her father that I was pursuing a university career; that my course in mechanical engineering required two more years to finish, and that I entertained prospects for employment in a large factory.

“But you still have another vacation to the good,” Mr. Bradshaw interposed. “You are invited to come here again,” he continued, “and even now I would ask you to stay for the night; how about it?”

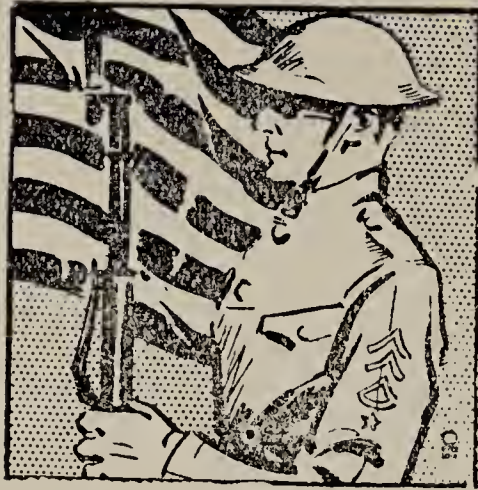
“I shall do so with pleasure,” I replied.

It was a most agreeable evening that I enjoyed at this home which I had so unexpectedly found. Talk, song, and music—for Helen could play the piano well—kept the three

of us in a jolly mood until late at night. Rest was short and sweet, and how delightfully Helen made coffee on the following morning! With an earnest invitation to repeat my visit ringing in my ears, I strolled away through those same scenes of pleasure that had taken my fancy on the day before, wishing unceasingly that the time were at hand to repeat my visit.

I did repeat my visit the following spring. On the same spot where I stood ten months before, I again sang Victor Herbert's, “Oh, Sweet Mystery of Life.” The same echo repeated the second stanza of that song with only this difference that the echo at this time seemed to come nearer and nearer. Yes, it was Helen coming to meet me. But instead of being happy, she was downcast. That her father was failing in health was the first bit of news she told me. Without taking a second thought, I offered my services if, indeed, I could be helpful. My offer was accepted without any questions. In consequence, I prolonged my visit for weeks at this time; and during the year that followed, I repeated my visits frequently, only to come at the close of my course at the university to stay for good.

My old friend, Mr. Bradshaw, now lives no longer. His estate is still there, beautiful as a paradise. Helen, too, is there, but she now owns the name of Patton. Of course I am there as Mr. Patton, and as “lord of all that I survey.”



## No Man's Land

J. W. Hamme '34

The glitter of bayonets, raised high,  
The crack of bomb and shell lights up the night;  
A battle cry, a bugle sound, the fight  
Once more begins—and now to do or die.  
The cannons' roar sends thunder through the sky;  
A rain of shells, a cry, a blinding light,  
And half the army falls. A mournful sight,  
Enough to bring a tear to every eye.

A change of scene before our eyes appears:  
The plains of No Man's Land no longer Death  
Controls. No bursting bombs disturb the air;  
But by the crosses here and there, in tears  
A gray-haired mother gently lay a wreath  
And for a soldier breaths a fervent prayer.





## *Possibly a Dictator*

Norbert Sulkowski '34

**E**VERYTIME he blew his stubbed nose, he sentenced one of his imprisoned enemies to execution. His enemies had at one time held him captive, and while he was in their power, they had foreshortened his nose and torn out his tongue; hence it was that he had agreed upon a speechless signal for revenge. For the last eight years of his reign, this Greek Emperor, Justinian II, had carried out his program of cruelties until he was assassinated in 711 A. D. That he was able to rule for eight years with stubbed nose and minus a tongue as emperor, tyrant, and dictator all in one, is a phenomenon in history. But tyranny is always phenomenal in the way it comes and goes in political governments and is always hated. People hoped to sound its death knell in 1215 with the Magna Charta, but did they succeed? Are there not dictatorships prevailing in Europe right now that are almost tyrannical? Is there not

even talk of a dictatorship in the United States?

Of course a dictatorship does not open the doors wide to tyranny; it is rather a kind of benevolent despotism, and it may never become ferocious enough to signal an execution by the mere blowing of a nose; yet it has an ugly odor about its significance such as people like to shun. Considering even the mild variety of boss-ship that it implies, would the people of the United States like it? Would the clanging of the Liberty Bell of 1776 mingle tunefully with the denotation of dictatorship? The question is startling enough to make anybody wonder.

But wonder or not; the fact is that if this present ugly depression rampant throughout the world, will not yield to the N. R. A. in this land of Uncle Sam, there is no telling what will come along in the sphere of government. That the people of the United States have

always demurred at taking a cue for matters of government from the ruling powers in foreign lands is too well known to admit of discussion, but will it always be possible to bow to the demands of this native antipathy? Will a dictatorship, after all, prove to be nothing so frightfully disturbing to their love of freedom? Time alone can tell.

An ancient adage has it that "in need the devil will eat flies." The local need growing out of the depression in the United States may not be as pinching as all that; yet there is a need; who will doubt it? A distress hardly different in character from that which harasses the United States has caused resort to be taken to dictatorships in other countries; something that is quite disconcerting to American people. It would surely not be a pleasant prospect for them to see the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt bracketed with the names of Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. Oh, not with the name of Stalin! everybody would exclaim, for his name suggests Bolshevism. Of course an ugly taste comes into the mouth of every genuine American when he pronounces that name, but can the taste be anything but just a little sweeter when the names of Mussolini and Hitler are pronounced? To be sure there is not the malodorousness of Bolshevism attached to these names, but there is that irritating sense of dictatorship united to them. This feeling of irritation may not be as

strong as it is generally supposed to be. There is even talk in high circles about extending recognition to the Russian government. The fact is that this recognition is imminent. Might it then not be imminent also to kowtow to the example of Germany and Italy in the matter of dictatorship? "Ye gods, save the mark!" every red-blooded American will exclaim at even the faintest suggestion of this kind.

Now to shoo away fears, at least in a large measure, for the people of the United States in regard to the unpleasant prospect of a dictatorship, together with its imminent odiousness, it will serve the purpose well to recall that during the World War, former President Woodrow Wilson was virtually, practically and in every other sense, a real dictator. The country lived through that period without noticing any grave danger for the stability of its Constitution. Could not something similar take place again with even diminishing dangers for the institutions of the government of the United States? It must be remembered that a dictatorship, however distasteful to the proteges of Uncle Sam, need not prove tyrannous. There are no symptoms that the methods of petty tyrants of old will be revived in these modern times, no, not even the mild tyranny of a George III. The mere mention of this name, however, recalls the memory of grievances, such as the Stamp Tax and other inconveniences that brought swift retaliation.



against his government. Are there no grievances now? Surely there are taxes and taxing parties that make the old grievances look as pleasant as a moonlit night in comparison. Will a possible dictatorship ease these burdens, or will it make them more heavy? And then would there be retaliation? If so, to what purpose? Russia retaliated for the knout of the Tzars, and now the one vexing questions that bothers the people of that country is "What to do?"

As opposed to all gloomy prospects, however, the N. R. A. as sponsored by President Franklin D. Roosevelt looms hopefully on the horizon of present national troubles. If by means of the three magical words represented by these letters an adjustment can be achieved between capitalism and labor; between taxes and taxpayers; between demand and supply, and among and between a lot of other things, then all hopelessness and desperation may well be chased out of the country. Radical cures may not then be necessary to cure this universal disease of depression, but such cures will surely be invoked if common sense fails to deliver sensible ones.

Even a resort to sensible cures may be harsh. For this assumption there is plenty of evidence in the federal government's activity in the industrial realm. Five years ago, this very activity on the part of the government would have been decried as socialistic and as such

to be abhorred. But whether it be socialistic or not, it is with us in full swing and bids fair to stay with us. Curiously enough this sort of governmental activity which leaves nothing untouched by federal fingers wherever there is question of prices, wages, or incomes shows President Franklin D. Roosevelt is invested with powers that are nothing short of dictatorial rights at present. At least it would be hard to draw a straw between the old-fashioned presidency to which the people in the United States were accustomed and a real dictatorship in view of the way things are being run by the hand of the federal government at present. But what of it? Has not employment increased in a noticeable measure? Is not industrial activity on the upward grade? Certainly it will take a long time before the remedy will produce general good health in social life, but like a good medicine, it is slowacting, and if a cure for the great national evil, depression, is in sight, no further interference in the run of customary American life will be necessary, neither will it be wanted.

In general then, it might be in order to say that people may as well look at the future of their country through rose-colored glasses. There is no danger in sight that despotism in any of its kindred forms will come on the scene of government in this land of Uncle Sam. There will be no executions staged at the mere blowing of a

nose; no matter who blows it. There will be no compelling people to drink wine out of the skulls of their fathers as was done by that despot, King Alboin, he of the Lombards in 581 A. D. But it must be remembered that history has a nasty way of repeating itself, and to keep the doors closed effectually on such repetition, the price of the doorkeeper, eternal vigilance, must be paid.

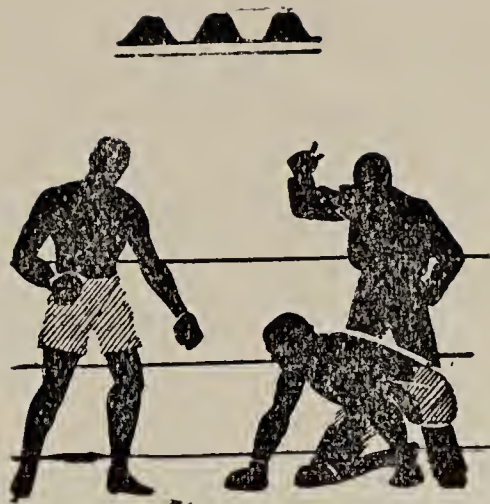


## Fall

J. W. Hamme '34

The gates of Autumn wide are flung;  
Once more around the earth are hung  
Rich mantles scarlet, orange, brown,  
With gems of raindrops dripping down.  
Sweet vintage now is here  
At evening of the year.





## *And That's That*

Eddie Williams '34

**E**VER since that time at the big World's Fair when me and Marie met each other, we been pretty good friends. I even decided that we are gonna' "middle-aisle" here in Chi. But she says that if I want her for my "bitter half" I've got to cut out the rackets and sneak up on some honest job. So one day when I'm not my usual self I sit down to think up some way to bring home the bacon without havin' a couple of "yeggs" mixed in it. I ain't had much of an education, and when I did go to school, I always belonged to that great fraternity called the "poor-marks brothers." So it don't look like there is any work for a guy like me to do and still keep his hands clean.

But all of a sudden, when I'm just thinkin' along pretty easy, an idea strikes me right between the eyes. When I snap out of it ten minutes later, I see that comin' from me it's not a bad idea after all.

Well, about three days later I'm

in the Y. M. I. gym, see, and I'm watchin' some kid work out who is legally known as Michael McDonald. That kid has got some form, I'm tellin' you. He looks like a fighter from the ears down. So I take a chance, and right then and there I decide that from now on this Michael McDonald is gonna' answer to the name of "Kid" Mac, and Eddie Williams is gonna' manage him.

It ain't long till we are climbin' a couple of stools in the "Greasy Bowl" across the street. The big Greek takes our orders, and then me and the Kid get together. I tell him that first of all we need publicity. I say that we wanna' get so we can fill stadiums, but as it is we couldn't pack a telephone booth. Well, right away he wants to know who he's gonna' fight and when.

Well, the Kid looks like he's in pretty good shape to me, so I ask him, "Do you think you can climb



through the ropes next week and trade swats with an Indian?"

"I'm ready to lick any redskin right now," he says to me.

I think that's pretty nice, all right, but this Indian is named "The Killer" and he ain't no ordinary Indian. He never let no cigar stores come up and stand behind him.

But anyhow, I'm willin' to take a chance, see. Marie is a real kid and I'd take a chance any day for her. So the next a. m. which is Tuesday, I skip over to see the Killer's manager. And since we ain't no big shots in the fight game, we don't have to make no bones about anything, so we just set the date for next Saturday night and sign up the papers.

Right away, I dash for the gym to tell the Kid the good news. And honest, you could knock me over with a Ford when I see the Kid standin' on the gym steps holdin' what the old Romans used to call a "tete-a-tete" with some skirt. And me thinkin' he was punchin' away at the bag. She is some blonde sensation with a smile that would melt any human's heart, but just now I ain't human.

The Kid tells her "So long" pretty quick, and then I prepare for battle.

"And from now on," I lead off, "leave janes alone, see."

He comes back about twice as fast yellin', "What's that got to do with fightin'?"

"Leave women alone 'cause there ain't a man livin' who can fight men and women at the same time." About now I ain't fit to be at large. The Kid shouts at the top of his voice that this is a free country, and he can do what he pleases, but

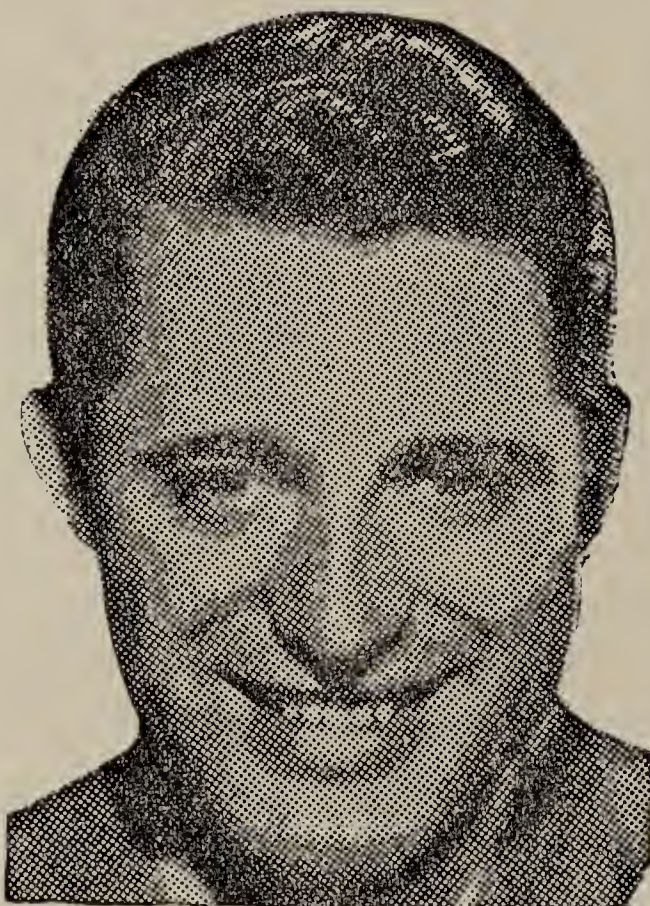
I tell him that when I'm his manager all that the word "liberty" means to him is the name of a magazine, and I tell him to let that suicide blonde alone once and for all.

He says, "What d'ya mean, suicide blonde?"

"Dyed by her own hand," I comes back fast.

Well, that last crack kinda' strips the gears on his Austin, and he don't know no comeback. He's just burnin' up when he starts punchin' the bag. But I ain't satisfied yet. I spend about five minutes tellin' him straight that janes ain't no good for a guy when he's got work to do, and how he ought to let 'em alone like I do, when all of a sudden I feel a tap on my shoulder. I look around and about fall over when I see that it's Marie.

"Come Eddie," she says in that



EDDIE



soft voice of hers that kinda' melts a guy all over, "we're going to lunch."

"Aw, listen, appleblossom, I got to stay here and—" I begin.

"Eddie-e-e!"

Well, you know how janes are. All the same it burns me up to hear the Kid laughin' like there was somethin' funny about it. For a minute I think he's gonna' bust a lung. I stand there and glare at him for a while, and then the next thing I know I'm in a restaurant worryin' about the check.

Anyhow, things go along pretty smooth till Friday afternoon, when the Kid comes up to me and asks me if he can go to some high-class party way out near Jackson Park. He says that it will get started at about nine bells, and he won't stay over an hour. Well, I tell him "No" flat.

"Come, Eddie," he coos in a dizzy falsetto.

That makes me so mad I tell him to scram pronto, and he goes out laughin'. "Thanks, Eddie," he says, and is gone before I can grab him.

Friday night I'm sittin' in my room, waitin' for the Kid to breeze in. It's ten o'clock, and no Kid. Eleven o'clock, and no Kid. At

twelve bells I go after him.

When I pull up in front of this ritzy joint by the park, I see that I'm just in time for the party. Some guy dressed up like the Duke of Diptheria tries to stop me at the door. I think in Norway they call 'em butlers. I ain't in no mood for bein' stopped, though. I bust my way into a room filled with light, evenin' gowns, and tuxes. An orchestra is in there playin' and

everybody seems to be havin' a good time, but I ain't interested. I start lookin' around, and finally I spot the Kid hangin' over a punch bowl. What I mean is, it don't take no woman's intuition to see that he is well tanked. Well, right then all the milk of human kindness in me turns sour. I knock a glass out of his hand and yell at him, "Lay off that

punch, and come along. You're pickled now."

He looks at me as if he expected to see me and says, "Didn't you ever hear of a fighter gettin' punch drunk?"

I says, "Listen, Kid, you're lit up like the Lindbergh beacon, and if you pull any wise cracks they'll pick you up with a blotter." So I starts draggin' the "illuminated" Kid toward the door. On the way out, we pass by a big grandfather's



MARIE



clock, and the Kid wants to get inside and call up home. "Come on you," I growls, "you're plastered."

"Plastered?—am I mortarfied!"

The Kid is so tight he squeaks, and still he makes up puns. But me, —I'm so mad, if I had eaten whipped cream lately, I'd be foammin' at the mouth. When I finally get the Kid to bed about two hours later, I feel like I have licked the French army and two bulldogs besides.

Well, there ain't no stoppin' it, so Saturday night rolls around. I can feel a sickenin' sort of sensation in my midsection that tells me there ain't gonna' be much of a fight. The Kid climbs through the ropes lookin' like a wet dish rag. The smoke from all the cigars in the audience is rollin' up around the ring, and he ain't even fit to punch his way through that smoke screen. He's still got his form all right, but tonight I know it ain't gonna' help him any. The crowd's yellin' gets on the Kid's nerves, and I feel funny too when I see that they're expectin' a real fight. The Kid is doin' some fancy sweatin'. He's chewin' at the laces and spit- tin' in the rosin. Over in the other corner, the Killer has got that calm look on his face just like it is all in the day's work. Back in the middle of the house I see Marie tryin' to catch my eye. I wave at her and kinda' smile, but I don't feel so good.

When the bell rings for the first round, the Kid tears off his pedestal like he's goin' somewhere, but he

ain't, 'cause the Killer is seein' to that. He lets the Kid have a hard straight left to the chin, and the jar wakes up the Mayor of Peoria. From then on I ain't hardly got the guts to look. In that first stanza the Killer hits the Kid with everything but the Empire-State building and the Hall of Science. It's awful, and I kinda' feel like throwin' in the towel. But the Kid is too game to lay down and let a referee count over him, and when the round ends he comes staggerin' back to his corner. I don't say nothin' to him, 'cause I can see he's taken punishment enough. But I'm sure it's all over but the shoutin'.

All of a sudden I see the blonde heartbreaker that the Kid is daffy over, sittin' right down in the front row. And what do you think she's doin'? She's makin' eyes at that big hunk of meat, the Killer, and he seems to like it, in fact, he's dots on it. He's makin' signs at her with his gloves shôwin' her how easy it is. "Watch me this round, baby," I can hear him say. "I'll be watchin'!" she comes back silkily.

I'm just about ready to do homicide on a certain, double-crossin' platinum twist, when I see somethin' that changes my mind. That jane is actin' and nothin' else but. I can tell by the way her face changes when the Killer ain't lookin' at her.

I don't know what it's all about yet, but I soon find out.

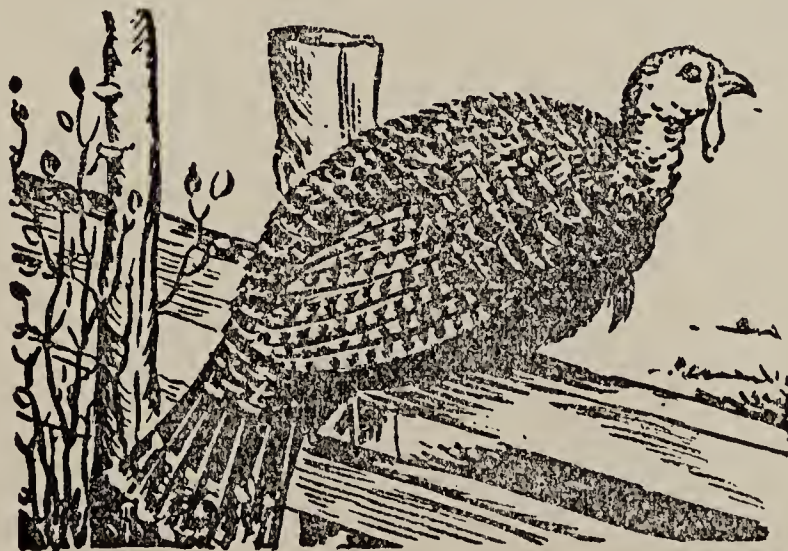
The chimes ring for the second chorus. The Killer walks out like

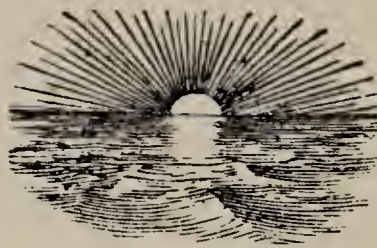


it's just about all over, and the Kid, like his pins are jelly. I think how easy the Kid could lick that dumb Indian, if only he was in shape, but he ain't, and that's all there is to it. Well, the Killer starts in poundin' the Kid, the Kid starts splatterin' blood on the referee, and I keep wonderin' whether I should throw in the towel. All of sudden, —crack! and the Kid goes down. The referee starts countin', and I begin to feel sick. I'm all set to climb in the ring. Then I notice the Killer. He is standin' over in the corner near the platinum blonde, and is makin' a fool of himself in front of her. He's got his back to the ring just like the fight is all over. She's tryin' her best to smile at him, and after the count of "five" she succeeds swell, 'cause the Kid ain't out yet; he's gettin' up. The crowd is yellin' like it's crazy, but the Killer thinks they're cheerin' him, and don't pay no attention. At "eight" the Kid is up and staggerin' after the Killer. He starts his swing half way across to the corner, and when he gets there the

Killer just turns around in time to take the prettiest haymaker you ever saw in your life right on the button. He goes back over the ropes head first and feet following and lands with a thud that would make Mussolini think there is another fall of Rome. And the fight is over.

Well, the crowd is about laughin' itself sick when me and the Kid and the blonde get back to the dressin' room. Her and the Kid start right in talkin' about the little home in the country with the hollyhocks growin' 'round. I just stand and stare 'cause all I ever knew McDonald had was a form, but I guess I just spelled it wrong. I'm scared to death to face anybody outside, but those two kids are havin' such a good time that I can't stay, so I open the door of the dressin' room. And there stands Marie. She just stands there for about a minute straight and just looks at me. Then she puts on a knowin' air and says, "Eddie, instead of a fight manager your mother should have raised you to be a plumber." And that's that.





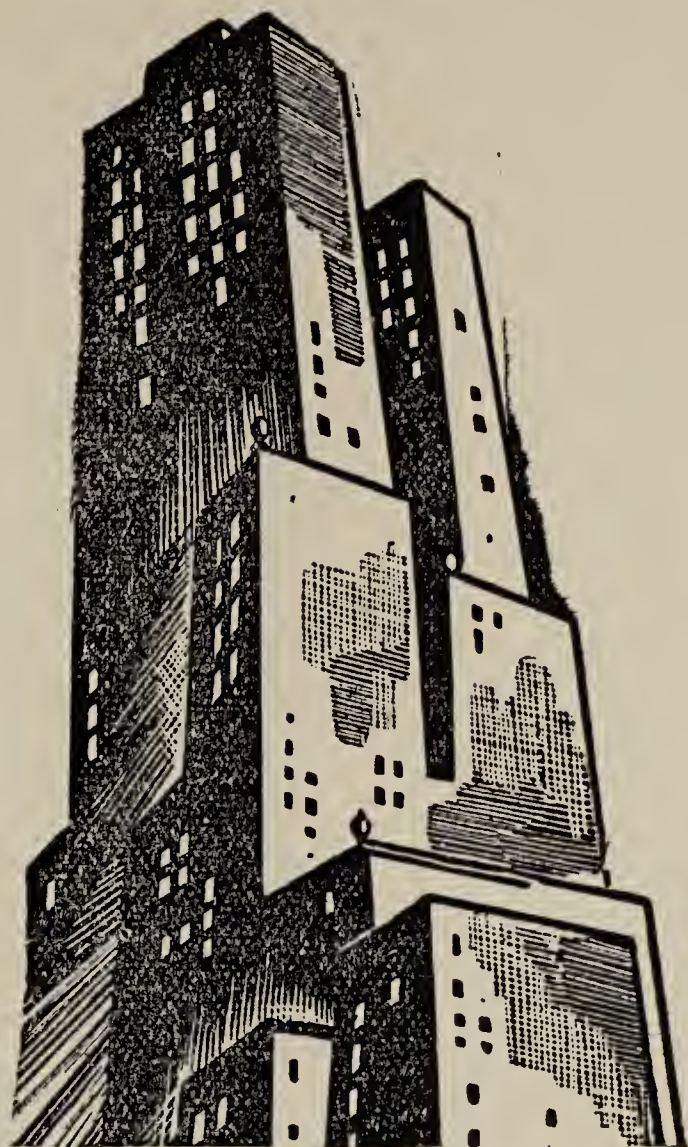
## One Evening

R. P. Baird '34

The flaming sun was sinking fast  
And evening rode near Cynthia's mast  
As sign for birds to take to rest  
Ere Hesperus should rule the west.  
Who would have thought that Darkness lay  
Like sneaking thief at door of Day?  
But on he came with pall of gloom;  
Before his step, Day must yield room.

Then ceased this heart of mine to care  
And let all troubles fade in air.  
Since next Day's trials had not begun  
'Twould have them wait the rising sun.  
If Light and Darkness rule by strife  
Then surely, too, will Death and Life.





## *The Last Rivet*

Vincent Nels '34

GAZING down from his thousand-foot high perch at the apex of the world's highest pyramid of steel, a wiry little blond-haired man mused on the interesting life that would be his, once this job was finished, and he would find himself amid the gay crowds on the earth below. Where he now stood, his footing was only an eight-inch I-beam, and his supporting staff was nothing more firm than a brisk north-east wind against which he leaned at a perceptible angle. Indeed, he might have been mistaken for a statue,

for his body presented the outward appearance, curiously frozen, as is common to the sculptured images. No indication of life in him was traceable beyond the continuous flapping of his pants-legs. This motion alone destroyed the illusion.

Suddenly the man raised his head, looked out to the sea that lay glistening in the distance, shining like a mirror in the last rays of the setting sun. In the intensity of his gaze, his longing revealed itself to be out upon that shimmering expanse of burnished gold. The



viking blood in him yearned to leave all land jobs and answer the call of the winds and the beckoning waters. From the earliest years of his youth, he had felt a strong attraction for the sea. His mother, however, had objected to his being a sailor; only to send him to another job, still more dangerous, that of a steel-construction worker.

Among his fellow iron-workers, he became known as "Swede" Anderson, the connecter, one of the men, namely, whose business it is to assemble the huge puzzle of the steel framework belonging to skyscrapers. To guide the heavy girders to their berths and to lock them there with a bolt until the riveting gang would do the rest was his duty. For courage and daring he was distinguished above all others; hence the nickname, "Swede," suited him perfectly, for, even if he had no occasion to battle the waves on the seas as his ancestors had done, he displayed a cunning boldness among the topmost girders of a lofty steel structure that made others admire and envy him. There, perched high above the ground, he could hear the singing of the wind through the steel frames, something that was in a measure a compensation for having foregone the pleasure of listening to the music of flapping sails out of deference to the wishes of his mother.

The heavy steel beam that was now laboring its way up to him was to be the last that he would guide to its place. In all the world there

was no loftier structure than the one he was now bringing to a finish, and in that building he had done the most dangerous part of the work. He had seen three of his fellow workmen slip off into space from positions less perilous than his. Only yesterday, a very close friend had bounced downward between the girders to a death that made an appalling sight of his body. Besides, he knew his mother lived daily in fear and trembling for his safety. She had feared for his life on the seas; she now feared more for his life among the dizzy heights. Added to these considerations was a request, weighing more than all things else in his mind, that had come to him from the young lady who was soon to be his bride, urging him to quit this dangerous employment. Yes, he would quit. The huge steel beam now heaving into sight would be the last that he would bolt to its moorings.

For a moment he looked at the giant derrick that appeared to heave and tremble through every fibre of its massive arms under the load that it was carrying. But to him nothing mattered now; weight or no weight, things were going too slow. He became impatient. There through the noise of puffing engines and creaking cables, he heard the clocks in the city strike four. Quitting time was at hand. A sharp blast from the whistle on the steam hoist emphasized the fact. Just then the great beam clanked into its sockets. Yes, he would give it



the bolt, the last one that he was to shove in place. He could then prance securely over the beam to the other side of the structure where it would be easy for him to descend.

Having finished the job, he now waved his arms in joy to his fellow workmen who were standing on the ground and looking up at him. "Of course, they are talking about the 'Swede' and are giving me other names," such was the thought that came to his mind. There on the ground, too, he saw a crowd of people, now released from work, who were looking up at him. "Surely," he said to himself, "that mob would enjoy the thrill, if I were to fall to my death." This thought made him angry; he felt like shaking his fist at the crowd. But fall he would not, of that he was sure. He had fastened the bolt and would now scud across the beam to safety. If that mere bit of courage would give a thrill to the onlookers, they could have their fun. At any rate, it would be the last time they would see the "Swede" performing a stunt.

For a moment he gauged the distance. Suddenly he saw a handkerchief waved at him from the window of a high office building directly across the street. He knew it to be the office where the young lady worked who was to be his bride within a week. For her sake he would hurry to get to the ground. With no other thought in his mind outside of safety and happiness, he bounded forward on the beam with his usual agility. He felt that she

who was now his only care was watching him, and he would perform his last feat at dizzy heights for her amusement. He had reached the middle of the beam when a loud crash shocked him. The beam lurched slightly as it had failed to settle securely in the farther socket. For a moment he felt himself swaying from side to side. He tried to regain his balance, but the unexpected noise had unnerved him. He felt that he must fall. Things were growing black before his eyes. In the last flicker of light that came to him, he saw the cable of the hoist hanging but a short distance away. With lightning speed he lunged from his footing and grasped the cable. Would he have strength enough to support his own weight? Once he found the cable in his hands, the fear of death revived his courage. He hung at a perilous height, but he was determined to be safe. Quickly the cable was lowered by one of his fellow workmen. As he neared the ground, he heard the shout:

"The Swede, the Swede, came within an inch of getting his!"

As others hurried to give him comfort, his thoughts turned to that office window from which he had seen the waving handkerchief. He wished to rush through the crowd of people that had gathered and had enjoyed the thrill at the risk of his life and climb to the window from which his bride-to-be had surely been watching him. But he was too weak from over-exertion, and

those who were attending him would not let him go. Again he felt like shaking his fist at the crowd, but he found himself hurried off to a hospital without being given a chance for any demonstration of anger.

At the hospital he was soon met by his mother, who had been informed of his narrow escape.

"Thank God," she exclaimed on seeing him, "that you are once more safe. Never again shall you climb those dangerous structures."

But tell me," he insisted, "why am I taken to this hospital?"

"If you want to know the reason look at your hands and see how badly bruised they are from grasping that rough cable."

"But tell me," he went on, "how is—"

"I know whom you mean," his mother interposed. "I shall tell you

all about her presently. When she saw you plunge, she fell into a deathly swoon. In consequence she is in a weakened condition right now. In fact I have learned that she is also in this hospital, and that she is recovering rapidly. Very soon you will be able to see her. But, my son, I must inform you that your wedding day will have to be postponed for some days; that event shall be a happy one, and for that purpose, you will both have to be in prime condition again."

"Surely that event shall be a happy one," he answered, and if a postponement of the day will be all that is necessary, I shall be perfectly contented. And right now, Mother, I want to give you assurance for your consolation that never again will the steel-construction workers have 'Swede' in their company.





# *At the Parting of Ways*

Joseph Klinker '35

THE crooner struggled on with the words in accompaniment to a dreamy waltz that buzzed away from the orchestra hustings in the Restaurant Palais. Removed by a short distance from the players, at a table set for one, sat Louise Thomas dividing her attention, somewhat erratically, between the music and the dainty French dishes she had ordered for her luncheon. She was alone and hated herself for being alone. At other tables there were groups of good-looking young people, profuse in smiles and conversation. Gradually her mind turned from the music altogether and even in some measure from the dishes before her. She had noticed at a table, not far from hers, a foursome gathering, one in which was a handsome, well dressed young man, particularly hilarious, whom she had met in a small eating house some months ago. Why should he be so oblivious of her now?

An acquaintance of hers, Bob Jones, presently entered the restaurant. He, too, took no notice of her. Almost rushing in his walk, he passed the table where she was sitting and went straightway to the young man who shortly before had attracted her attention.

"Good evening, Bill; how's tricks?" she heard Bob greeting and questioning in the same breath.

"Not so good, Bob," came the reply from the young man. "Same

old story, 'come back tomorrow'."

"Yeah, it's pretty tough," Bob answered as he gazed across the room and noticed Louise.

"Oh, there, Lu, hello," he greeted more in the manner of mere recognition than of surprise, thus giving Louise a touch of chagrin by his unwanted familiar way of speaking. "Glad to see you," he continued half drily. Then tapping Bill on the shoulder as a signal to come along, they both went over to Louise's table.

"Bill, I want you to meet a friend of mine, Miss Louise Thomas. Lu, meet Mr. Bill Travis," Bob introduced.

"Oh, go on, Bob," Louise countered, "I met Bill before, but of course we are glad to meet again. At that time our meeting passed without any formal introduction; so we are grateful to you for that kind turn now. Get chairs and be seated; I'm glad to have company."

Bill readily took a seat at the table with Louise. Bob was about to do the same when suddenly he appeared to remember some important business and turning to Louise said:

"Sorry to rush away like this, but you know how things are with reporters for newspapers; they are everywhere at once and nowhere for a long time. So long."

"So long, Bob," Louise called

after him with a certain accent of delight in her voice.

"Hum," said Bill, "you and Bob don't seem to roost well together, Louise. How about it, if I may ask?"

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing much at least," answered Louise; "well, yes, there is this little thing which I might tell you," she continued; "some weeks ago I had luncheon with Bob. At that time, he indulged rather freely in wine, even in spite of my protest. I rose from the table and left him abruptly. I suppose that he carries a grudge in consequence, but I don't care if he does."

"I see, I see," Bill returned; "it was a matter of outraging your feelings on prohibition? Was it?"

"If you speak of outrage; well, I'll have you understand that no self-respecting young lady would tolerate conduct of that kind in her company."

"Now listen, Louise," Bill ventured, "I am a friend of Bob's; let me tell you something that I know concerning the both of you. You are not angry with Bob merely on account of his wine guzzling. As a go-between for you and him, I know better than that. It may surprise you to hear that I am to play the part of go-between. Now, Bob knew that you were here at the Restaurant Palais; he knew, too, that I was here, and he also knew that you and I had met before. As a friend of his, I shall now tell you the real reason for your being angry

with him. In his capacity as newspaper reporter he has written you up as a shoplifter. You know that he did; he did it out of spite to repay you for leaving him abruptly at the time when he was intoxicated. It was easy for him to practice this mischief on you; all he had to do was misspell your name slightly—to write Louise Thomas, instead of Thomson. The last named is the guilty party as you may be aware. Of course he knew that you could bring action for libel against him, but he knew that you were too timid to do such a thing. He is sure that you hate the notoriety of court proceedings; hence he did not hesitate to play this trick on you. You suffered in silence all this while, not knowing what to do. You feel the humiliation keenly; so do your friends; they avoid you. Even this evening you were here alone. Bob regrets the injury he has done you; he wants to make up with you; go with you; it's the only way that the mischief can be undone. Note what I am telling you."

"Bob is a drunkard, a liar, a scoundrel; there is no truth, no honesty, no, not a shred of character in him," Louise replied hotly. "I should say that there are none of these traits in any man, neither in you, Bill, for trying to take his part. I could weep from vexation, but I shall not shed a tear on his account, and I shall not give you the satisfaction to see me weep. The wretched conduct of Bob deserves to be met



with anger; not with weeping. He has done all he could to destroy my happiness; to ruin my future. It is horrible to think of it. But, does he think that I am in his power; that he can ask anything of me he likes; that he can give me orders as he pleases, and that I dare not refuse if I wish to regain my happiness? Let him be gone, and you too! I'll have no more words with either of you. I would rather suffer to the end of my days than be found in the company of a drunkard or in the company of anyone who is the friend of that kind of man."

"Let's walk out, Louise," Bill urged, "guests inside of this room are taking notice of our rather earnest conversation. Allow me to pay your meal ticket."

"Never mind," Louise retorted, "I'll take care of my own expenses."

"May I show you home?" Bill asked as they came out to the street.

"No, thanks, I'll have to work tonight," Louise answered evasively.

"But listen, Louise," Bill began, coming back to the subject of discussion. "Bob is ready to make amends; I am sure he is doing so now as far as the paper notice about you is concerned. Hold, here is the evening edition of the paper for which he reports. Give me a moment's time to glance over its pages."

"You can have all evening to read that paper, I'm going. Good-

bye." So saying, Louise turned to go.

"Louise, Louise!" Bill called running after her, "here it is; here is the apology fixed up by Bob right on this page of the paper. Look, look!"

At this moment, Bob who had been looking for both of them as had been pre-arranged that he would, came up. He put on all the good cheer he could command.

"Hello, Louise," he began; "I suppose that Bill has told you all the story. Now take my word for it, I apologize for everything. You've seen the notice in the paper, have you not?"

"I'll not listen to your words, and I'll not read anything that you write," Louise snapped back.

"Won't you say one kind word, Louise?" Bill began to intercede.

"No, nothing," replied Louise, "Bob and I have come to the parting of ways, at least until he learns how to be sober both in using drink and in newspaper reporting."

Saying these words, Louise walked away.

"Bill," said Bob, "I'm a fool, and that girl is not a fool."

"I think that you have good claims to your self-imposed title," answered Bill. "But," he continued, "she has given you a ray of hope in her final words. Note: according to what she said, your parting ways may meet at such time when you will play the fool no longer."

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# Editorials

## COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

ON the thirteenth and fourteenth of October, we had the pleasure of attending the Collegiate Press Association Convention in Chicago. To say the least, it was a stimulating experience. In all sincerity it must be admitted that, viewing the affair as a whole, we were somewhat delightfully surprised.

The Convention this year was conducted in a rather different manner than it had been in previous years. In order to secure greater unity it was sharply divided into two sections, Collegiate and Scholastic. This arrangement naturally allowed more thorough concentration of effort and permitted each delegate to devote himself exclusively to the phase of the proceedings that particularly concerned him.

Since the convention was reputed to be on a national scale, it was somewhat disappointing to discover that the majority of the delegates were from the Middle West. It might be observed, however, that they, no doubt, presented quite a typical cross-section of national scholastic journalists.

The greater part of the two days of the Convention were spent

in round table discussions; these discussions were very informally conducted, every one present being privileged to state freely his views on any subject which was of general interest to the assembly. Mr. Nelson, editor of the "Scholastic Editor" acted as chairman of the magazine section. In this capacity he showed marked executive ability.

The most impressive feature of the entire Convention, as far as we were concerned, was not the lectures delivered by various authorities in the field of journalism, but rather the discovery of the true attitude of the delegates toward college journalism. Anyone suffering from the hallucination that college magazines, year books, and newspapers are nothing more than the "playthings of immaturity" would have been subjected to a rude awakening had the opportunity been given him to observe the enthusiasm and seriousness of the delegates.

It was not from the professional speakers and faculty advisers that the most valuable ideas and most stimulating inspiration came, but from the students themselves. If the Convention had provided noth-



ing beyond an opportunity for coming into contact with other editors and business managers of school journals and for comparing journalistic problems, together with likely solutions of these problems, it would have been well worth all the time and trouble of convening. With

nothing that suggests disillusionment, but with everything that speaks of advantages in the way of establishing valuable associations and contacts, the Convention has passed, but with it have not passed its important and far-reaching benefits.  
A. F. H.

### A NEW CLUB

SINCE the opening of school in September, varsity men at St. Joe have become more and more convinced of the need of a monogram club. In membership this club is to be confined exclusively to that group of athletes who have been fortunate enough to acquire "letters" in the various sporting activities of last year and who are at present participating actively in football or basketball.

Towards the end of October, with this view in mind, several college-sport stars initiated a drive to obtain permission from the college authorities to organize a club of this sort. The required consent has been obtained, and within the very near future St. Joe will add to its list of social organizations a new item which will bear the name of "Monogram Club."

That a club of this kind is feasible can readily be understood. As a means to further friendly relations among students who find themselves called upon to aid one another in producing co-ordinate results in athletic endeavors, its value cannot be over-estimated. A team cannot work harmoniously unless

the members of the team know one another very thoroughly, and that not only with regard to athletic ability, but with regard to personal temperament as well. Hence the "Monogram Club" may well serve to eliminate that type of sportsman who, because of his peculiarities, is an enigma to the coach and a drawback to the team. Discussions within the club will naturally center on athletics for the purpose of increasing general interest, of determining individual strength, and of adjusting personal opinions. Altogether the club should be an invaluable aid in the rapid development of athletics at St. Joe—something already very noticeable.

Furthermore, the students who have gained "letters" in the past evidently deserve a special place for recreation and future training. Proficiency cannot be obtained unless it be by constant practice. The word "sacrifice" is as often stressed in athletic training as it is with respect to studies of any kind. For the sake of their personal convenience, therefore, St. Joe varsity men can look forward to a retired sanctum in the gymnasium.





# Exchanges

IN its opening number, THE EXPONENT of Dayton University, makes a striking impression. Vital information and subtle humor are the chief elements of interest in this opening number. Replete with such essays and stories as it contains, THE EXPONENT could certainly be called a model school journal. A short short story entitled "A New Racket" is the story of the capture of two jewel thieves. Despite their carefully laid and seemingly flawless plans, John Miller and Martha Masters are brought to justice due to the keen eyes of a little street urchin. To appreciate the originality and ingenuity of the plot, the story should be read in its entirety. The incidents are set forth logically and concisely, while the style and suspense give the tale a tinge of the dramatic. Although the short short story is considered a difficult undertaking, the story, "A New Racket" is remarkably well written.

The essays appearing in the EXPONENT deserve high rating. The social essay entitled "The Unemployment Problem" gives evidence that the author is well informed on

his subject matter. In this article the author proposes that the unemployed should be sustained at all costs for the good of society as a whole, and for the return of stable prosperity. After reading so many derogatory articles and lectures on the movies, it is a singular pleasure for one to find an article on the same subject with a delightfully different viewpoint. In the essay entitled "The Movies," the writer considers the movies the most important factor in alleviating the woes left in the wake of the recent depression. In the future the person, excepting Franklin D. Roosevelt, to be remembered the longest for his services in combatting the depression, will be "Mickey Mouse." If the following numbers of THE EXPONENT come up to the standard set by the initial issue, this journal can be assured of a tremendous success for the ensuing year.

Celebrating the Lourdes Jubilee THE MARYWOOD COLLEGE BAY LEAF, bound between modest blue covers, makes its first appearance. The choice of color and the replica of the grotto of Lourdes on the cover produce a striking effect. The

table of contents presents a page of diversified subjects that bid fair to be interesting. The poems addressed to Our Lady in the utmost simplicity are charming and inspirational. Abounding in the complexities of plot and suspense, the short stories make ideal reading particularly so for recreational pur-

poses. The cuts greatly enhance the appearance of the Bay Leaf. We have noticed that All Catholic Honor Rating had come to this journal, and we feel certain after reviewing the first issue that equal honors will await it for the coming year.

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## Ode to Sleep

E. I. Hession '35

Nature's gentle nurse,  
Come thou to me  
And spread thy balm of rest  
Upon my eyes;  
Lest the angel, dread, of sorrow  
Tempt me on the dark tomorrow;  
Let me stay with thee.

Through this lonely night,  
Thy gentle hands  
Should fold upon my brow  
In fond caress:  
Carry me in arms of love  
To the land of dreams above;  
Throw sweet slumber's sands.

Kind reward of work,  
Give me what's due  
As labor's honest wage  
While darkness reigns:  
Now that day with toil is o'er  
Close on weariness thy door;  
Failing strength renew.



# BOOKS



## "VIPERS' TANGLE"

By Francois Mauriac

**B**Y the translation of "Vipers' Tangle" Francois Mauriac, a French novelist of sufficient fame to be a member of the l'Academie Francais, is for the first time introduced to the American readers in general. Born in Bordeaux in 1885, Monsieur Mauriac has, since he began to write, confined himself exclusively, after the manner of several of his illustrious Catholic predecessors as Rene Bazin, Paul Bourget, and Maurice Barres, to being the story teller of the provinces. He too, is a Catholic. L'Abbe Bethleem, the great literary inquisitor, however, says of him: "He possesses the soul of a Girondist Catholic, who does not protect himself against intrusions." If this means that he is sometimes too moderate in his moralities, it is hardly true of "Vipers' Tangle."

"Vipers' Tangle" is a novel the theme of which is hate. In form, however, it is a diary of an old man whose last moment might come any time. All the fears, the distrusts, the irritations of his life time which were gnawing at his heart, he expressed with all hatred and bitterness, so that even after

his death his hate would live in his writings. He reveals in his poignant words the thoughts, the emotions, the very soul of a man who appeared as an enigma to all with whom he came in contact. His thoughts thus often give rise to passionate, vital, and poetic forms.

As he was writing, he was constantly spying on his wife and children who anxiously were planning concerning their inheritance. He detested them all, and he fretted over their plots. He was alone in this world, loving no one, and being loved by no one. And thus he decided to foil his family, to make them suffer, in fact to pauperize them. As he abhorred his family, so like a Shylock or the contemptuous egotist, Petchorin, he loved his wealth. He was an unbeliever who derided the hypocrisy of his Catholic wife and children.

This character reveals the author's penchant for the unusual, the grotesque, the idiosyncratic. Nevertheless, "Vipers' Tangle" is the first work of Francois Mauriac in which he intimates that Catholicism is the solution for an evil life.

J. L. A.

## "THE FAULT OF ANGELS"

By Paul Horgan

**A**BRUPTLY from the chaos of young American authors arrives "The Fault of Angels," a quasi satire on America's society by Paul Horgan. One will appreciate the adroitness of this novel if he is aware that the bachelor, Mr. Horgan, lived the life which he now almost burlesquely depicts.

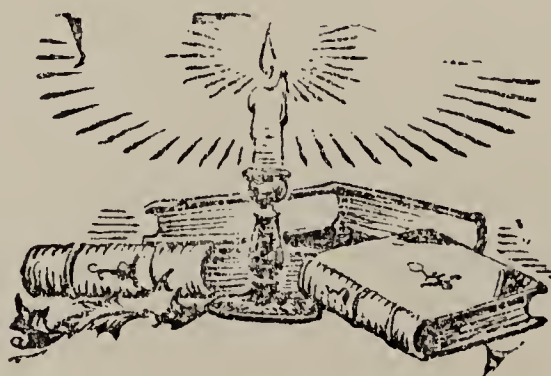
John O'Shaughnessy, young theatrical producer, flits about the "19-25" society of the delightfully continental Dorchester, New York, serving as a go-between for pseudo aesthetes. He is worldly, lavishing his love upon all young women, and especially upon Nina. Nina is the wife of Arenkoff, the Russian conductor of Dorchester's Philharmonic Orchestra. An endowment by Mr. Ganson, whom no one dares gainsay because he is a mighty philanthropist, has just launched the city's own opera company. As soon as Nina arrives in Dorchester, weeping, it is evident that she is too simple to succeed. Her foolish assumption that every one aspires to the noblest

precipitates failure upon failure. Dorchester loves her simplicity, not her Russian reform. By spring she is crushed; her ambition is thwarted; she returns to Paris. Blanche, Lydia, and Hubert, Nina's friends, gamble as before, but John is broken. He has been a satellite.

It cannot be said that "The Fault of Angels" is a "preachy" book. Rather, from the facts Mr. Horgan has built a story which challenges one's imagination. One strikes many allusions to literature; finds many epigrammatic sentences; enjoys a transparent style, and meets irresistible characterizations. The author has, moreover, a good sentence sense.

In a phrase this book is "un vrai tableau." It is a novel which is not spread with proof. Mr. Horgan has written so that one understands and is made to think. This power to arouse the imagination is the charm of "The Fault of Angels."

E. M.







# Alumni



**T**HOUGH success depends upon a multitude of things, it is nevertheless, abundantly evident that words of encouragement are always a great asset in the matter of developing the required spunk. As is plainly evident, "The Collegian" staff of this year is trying its utmost to improve the journal in its charge, and in this attempt the staff members are eagerly hoping to succeed. To help along this undertaking, the Alumni are sending letters from all parts of the country, speaking words of encouragement.

Hence it is, that very gratefully does the staff acknowledge the congratulation sent by the Rev. Julian Voskuhl upon the first issue of "The Collegian" this fall. Notices of this kind stimulate us, the staff members, and naturally urge us to apply renewed vigor to the work that is in our charge. Father Voskuhl is an Alumnus of '22. At present, he is the editor of the widely read "Messenger of the Precious Blood."

Greatly pleased, indeed, were the alumni editors of "The Collegian" to read, and that very recently, that Father William Friemoth, an Alumnus of '27, ordained last June by the Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, Bishop of Toledo, Ohio, is now stationed as assistant at St. John's parish, in Lima. At St. Joseph's, Father Frie-

moth, in student days, was the cheerful editor of "The Cheer."

Word has reached our itching ears that Wilmer Reichle of the class of '34 is now studying philosophy at St. Meinrad's Seminary. May your ability to get ahead always follow you, Wilmer, wherever you may go.

When last heard of, Clement Steel, class of '35, (often mistaken for Bob Steel, the cowboy hero,) was playing nursemaid to one of Uncle Sam's forests in Los Angeles, California. May all your trees prosper, Clement.

Last summer we met Guy Forsee, class '34. At present he is an honor student of medicine at the University of Louisville., knowing his super ability for football, we asked him whether he intended to play the game this season. With emphasis, he replied in the affirmative. "Tink," as Guy was known at St. Joseph's, although a sophomore, is now regular center of the U. of L. football team. He has not changed a bit, and we hope that he does not. We wish him all the success in the world both in his studies and on the gridiron.

After an absence of six long years from his home in Louisville, Kentucky, Paul Russel, class '27, returned, having been ordained as priest in the American College at Rome, Italy. His appointment has

been very fortunate. He is assistant pastor in his home parish.

Robert Carroll and William Wall both of Lafayette, Indiana, paid a visit to the college not long ago and renewed acquaintances with the class of '34.

Louisville, Kentucky, is becoming more and more a large center for loyal Alumni. Herman Kirchner, class '34, who will always be remembered as the silent man about Collegeville, and who by his silent ways not only made himself conspicuous but also won the admiration of the student body, is succeeding splendidly as a machinist. His peculiar aptitude for making friendships has not forsaken him. Dramatic art is still his hobby. His ability in dramatic art plus his personality has won him a coveted

membership in Louisville's Catholic Dramatic Guild. We have had the pleasure of seeing him in action. There is great truth to the saying; "Still waters run deep."

Frank Owens, class '34, may be seen at any time with a cigar in his mouth pacing the floor of a certain chain store in Louisville. It is his own cigar, and, as manager he has the right to pace the floor. We hope that your cigar smoking job will continue for a long time "Bud."

The alumni editors desire to express sincerest thanks for the numerous letters that came from alumni members in response to their call for news. May these letters increase in numbers from the older as well as from the younger members of the Alumni Association.

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### Autumn Skies

A. J. Traser '34

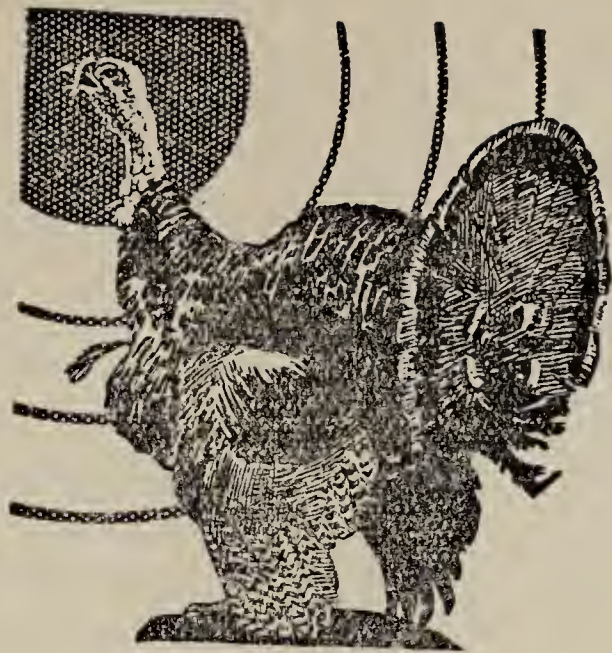
I love the blue of Autumn skies;  
The quiet moonlit night;  
The twinkling stars, whose fiery rays  
Shame sunset into flight.

But to my ear there steals a sound  
Which speaks of changing days;  
These deep and tender skies will pass,  
Unchanging, nothing stays.

The Harvest Moon will soon decline  
O'er sheafs and shocks of grain;  
Then Hunter's Moon will tune the horn  
For Winter's snow and rain.

I often wish that Autumn skies  
Would never know a change  
And that these Moons the year around  
Through heaven's blue would range.





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## LOCALS

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### A Missing Friend

A few weeks of school had elapsed; then we found that some one was missing whose cheery smile and pleasing manner were loved by everybody in Collegeville. It was altogether unusual that Father Christian Staab should no longer appear in the class room and in the laboratory. He is the missing one.

Upon investigation, we found that he is now stationed at St. Bernard's Hospital in Chicago where he holds the position of chaplain. In his new position, we hope that he will win as many sincere friends as he made during the ten years that he taught at St. Joseph's College.

### Tutte L'Amore

Last month a new craze struck Collegeville. It was some sort of an Italian game called "Tutte L'Amore." This game was introduced by an Italian, Dom Altieri. It was popularized by an Italian, Dom Pallone, but it was ruined by an Irishman, Bill McKune. If any visitors happened to see two fellows point-

ing their fingers at each other and yelling "uno, trei" or some other Italian numerals, they would probably think the lads were a bit demented. But it's just an old Italian custom, and if you ever go to Rome, don't do as the Romans do, especially if they ask you to play a game called Tutte L'Amore.

### Senior Photographs

One morning, several weeks ago, the Seniors gathered in the Raleigh Club to decide which photographer should take the class pictures. The Victor Studio of Gary was chosen, and the date was set as to when the pictures should be taken. Now

the fellows are wondering what they will do with the pictures when they get them. Well, they can always sell their photographs to the people who want to have houses haunted or rats scared away.



### Hot Dogs!

On Sunday afternoon, October 22, the class of '34 kept up an old Collegeville tradition by having the annual Senior weenie roast. When the Seniors started out on the hike they were a sight to behold. They wore almost every kind of garment imaginable. About the only thing one couldn't find in their ranks was a full dress suit, and that was probably because no one got the idea of wearing one.

The army of good time seekers marched as far as the gravel pit and called a halt. The banks of that old gravel pit has seen many a camp fire and has heard the sizzle of many a hot dog going down in its last fight.

The day was perfect. The fire was friendly. The willows were willing. The dogs were delicious! And the coffee was Maxwell House. (It was good till the last drop in the ten gallon milk can). When tummy, lung, and larynx had their fill, arms and legs had their work-out. A rolling stone gathers no moss but when hedge apples come a-rolling viciously down the hill, they soon gather two opposing armies.

Up hill and down dale, with those green missiles flying in all directions, the boys rallied, retreated.

General Rausch urged his troops forward, but like a true general he kept himself well in the rear. Joe Fontana and Chester Bowling gained a moral victory by storming a parapet with only a blanket to protect them from flying missiles. Finally an armistice was called. The terms were agreed upon, and "Iggy" Stohr was tossed up in a blanket until two sides of his tobacco can became one. After taking a few pictures, Jim Heckman put out the camp fire, and everyone prepared for the march back.

In military step, to the beat of the tin-pan drum, the rollicking rowdies returned. With a tribute to the Raleigh Club and to good old Baker Hall, the company halted at the gym and sent up its voice in song. After marching about the campus, the class of '34 halted beneath the goal posts and sang the college song. Thus another Senior weenie roast was recorded in the history of St. Joseph's.

### Mlle. Quadri Scores a Hit

Dr. Luther Gable, Ph. T., the leading scientist in radium of the present day, was billed to speak at the college auditorium Sunday, October 29.

Due to his radio engagement in Chicago during the earlier part of the evening, Dr. Gable was not able

to appear at the scheduled time. So he sent ahead Mlle. Therese Quadri who was to "carry on" until his arrival. From the very moment she stepped on the stage she had the audience "with" her. Her charming personality, her quaint French accent, her utter naturalness and



the winning qualities of her marvellously controlled voice made Mademoiselle Quadri the "hit" of the evening. She began with the song "My Hero" from "The Chocolate Soldier" and for the next eighty minutes presented a well balanced program of classic and semi-classic numbers. At the end of each number she received such grand ovations as have seldom been heard in the local auditorium. In an interview after her performance, when asked what she thought of the audience, she replied, "If I only had an audience like that every night! It's rejuvenating. It makes you feel so light you could almost fly." Mademoiselle Quadri was thrilled at the way the students responded when she requested them to sing along with her, and her parting wish was that she would be able to return to Collegeville very soon.

Dr. Gable devoted his fifty minute lecture to the topic of radium, and a very interesting topic it was. He is the sole survivor of the six scientists who began work in the field of radium. He related the story of his five companions who heroically gave their lives for the cause of science. It is Dr. Gable's opinion that within a very few years radium will generate our electricity, heat our houses and run our cars. He says in the near future radium will be a big thing in our lives. When asked if he had any statement he would like to make for the COLLEGIAN, Dr. Gable said, "As a statement for publication in your journal I would like to repeat and emphasize Dr. Millikan's statement that 'no controversy can exist between religion and science because in the final analysis wisdom will be granted only through God'."

### Class Presidents

On Sunday, October 1, the Senior Class, under the chairmanship of the Very Rev. Rector, held its first class meeting of the year for the purpose of electing officers. To demonstrate its spirit of unity, the Sixth-Year fellows elected Thomas Buren president by popular choice. Chosen for his ability to manage greatly diversified interests, the "Happiest Man in Collegeville" gave assurance in his own words that he would try to conduct class activities with all possible care and diligence.

In order not to fall behind the Sixth Class, the College Freshmen decided to elect a leader who would keep them up to the mark in all class activities that might come their way, and thus enable them to cope with the Seniors should occasion be given for any contest. The leader in whom they repose their trust is John Elder, now known as the president of the Fifth Class. He has promised to do his "stuff" and is well able to keep his promise.

As president of the high-school

Seniors, Edward Bubala must pilot the ship. He finds himself in a position to give and gather advice in plenty from Albert Companik, the president of the Third Year Class, as also from Norbert Jacquay and Paul Kappeloff, the presidents of

the Second and First-Year Classes respectively.

With the choice of class presidents, the various classes at St. Joseph's have completed their individual organization and are now ready for action.

### **"Collegian" Represented**

In the recent convention of the National Scholastic Press Association held in Chicago at the La Salle Hotel, "The St. Joseph's Collegian" was represented by its editor, Alfred

Horrigan. Mr. Horrigan gathered up much valuable information from the round table discussions which were carried on by excellent authorities in journalism.

### **Honor Roll**

First Year: Paul Kappelhoff, 92; John Schilling, 87 3-5; Robert Donahue, 84; Gerald McGraw, 77 4-5.

Second Year: Harold Judy, 93 3-4; Henry Ameling, 91 3-5; George Grieshaber, 89; Robert Danehy, 84 1-4; Thomas Etzkorn, 83.

Third Year: Norman Fischer, 98 1-2; William Callahan, 97 5-6; Clarence Wolski, 96 1-2; Casper Bonifas, 95 3-4; Edward Junk, 94 5-6.

Fourth Year: Dennis Schmitt,

93 1-7; Anthony Gamble, 92; John Hoorman, 90; George Muresan, 90; Roman Anderson, 88 6-7.

Fifth Year: Gene Glaser, 93 1-6; Anthony Suelzer, 93 1-8; William Renwick, 93; Edward Hession, 91 3-7; James Scott, 91 2-7.

Sixth Year: William McKune, 97 6-7; Joseph Allgeier, 95 6-7; Carl Vandagrifft, 95 1-4; William Conces, 93 6-7; Thomas Buren, 93 5-7.

William Conces '34





# Clubs



## Columbian Literary Society

ONE of the bright spots of the school year has come and gone, namely, the premier showing of the C. L. S. play, "Gracie." Before running a-field, however, by entering into the particulars concerning this play, it will be in place to review the entire program as presented on the eve of Columbus Day in general.

The rising curtain disclosed Edward Fisher at his ease in the dignified position of chairman pro-tem. In well chosen words, he proceeded to introduce the newly elected president of the society, Dominic Altieri, who opened the program with his inaugural address, "Catholic Intellectuality On Display." With much life and in plain-spoken language, Mr. Altieri gave his views on the subject he had chosen.

"My First Appearance" as delivered by Dominic Pallone, because of the humor and the droll manner of recitation, quite as the nature of the production required, made a hit with the audience.

A debate between William Conces and Joseph Fontana on "The Value of the National Recovery Act" brought out much information on

the much mooted N. R. A. William Conces, who took the negative side of the question, carried the decision of the judges in his favor.

The play was next in order. From the moment that Anthony Traser made his entrance on the stage, the success of the play was no longer in doubt. A typical self-made man was "Gracie," a character seemingly for no one else but Traser himself. Together with Ducky Lane, portrayed by Delbert Welch, he undoubtedly stole the show. Two big seniors were Norbert Sulkowski and Thomas Buren, bluff, straightforward college men. Francis Watzek took the part of the faultlessly dressed grad to perfection; while Earl Rausch, the villain of the production, gave a true, detailed portrayal of the irresponsible, spineless person so often found in college life. The players are to be congratulated upon their stellar performance.

Everybody, without doubt, is looking forward to the Thanksgiving play, "Believe Me, Xantippe." The Columbians will stage this exhibition on the eve of the "big turkey celebration."

## Newman Club

15. With an enthusiasm that set "Excelsior" appears to be the ideal word to describe the feeling that pervaded the meeting of the Newman Club on Sunday, October

everybody on edge, ideals and programs were mapped out for the ensuing year. That this work, as planned, might be carried out successfully, the following members

were elected as officers: Mr. Roman Anderson, gavel man; Mr. James Bruskotter, vice-gavel-swing-er; Mr. Tim Doody, scribe; Mr. Henry Cyzowski, exchequer; Mr. Don Muldoon, critic; Mr. Richard Wakefield, marshal.

With these gentlemen in the lead, the high-school Newmanites enter-

tain lofty hopes of which they are bound not to be disappointed during the ensuing months of the present school year. With a determination to work hard and with much eagerness manifest in their activities, they await the staging of their first program.

### D. M. U. Notes

Losing no time in settling down to the primary purpose of the meeting held on September 16, Mr. Edward Hession, chairman pro-tem, genially informed the assembly that nominations were in order. After the usual "blah-blahing" and "ad-libbing" which seemingly belong to the nominations, the following members were selected to guide the good ship of the D. M. U. for the coming months: Mr. James Heckman, President; Mr. Edward Hession, Vice-President; Mr. Gomar De Cocker, Secretary; Mr. Anthony Migoni, Treasurer, and Mr. James Ward Penny, Librarian. Judging from the way things look, the choice of officers as brought out by the elec-

tions, centered upon the best talent which the Unit can command.

While the votes were tallied, intermissions were given to music and singing. Rudy Bierberg, George Hess, and Carl Vandagriff took turns at the piano, while Dominic Pallone and Anthony Traser furnished crooning vocals in their own inimitable fashion.

It must be noted furthermore that Mr. Edward Fischer has been chosen Catholic-Action leader, and that Mr. Norbert Minick has been entrusted with the job of Spiritual Treasurer. Both the energetic young men bid fair to serve Catholic Action and missionary endeavor successfully by their personal ability.

### Raleigh Club

The opening program of the year given by the Raleigh Club was one of those "get-together-in-a-hurry" entertainments, but in spite of all the hurry, interest and amusement were not wanting. The rejuvenated club orchestra under the baton of William McKune, who takes the part of both maestro and soloist, showed itself thoroughly original in render-

ing the old Boy-Scout ballad, "Riding on a Dummy." Edward Fischer and Anthony Traser proved themselves to be real enthusiasts for the boys in khaki shorts, at least, so a person might judge from their zestful warbling. Charles Scheidler contributed to the vocals of the crooner type. In his specialty of this variety he is unexcelled.



To the one-time Rookies the Club must tender its thanks for a really enjoyable little exhibition on the Sunday evening preceding the initiation. James Scott, master of ceremonies for the evening, deserves a big hand for his sprightly talk and amusing gag-pulling.

Now that the Club is all set for the present school year, its members are looking forward confidently to coming Raleigh programs. "Ever better than the last one and best of all" expresses the feeling of the Club with regard to these programs.



## To a Falling Leaf

A. Geimer '34

What story bearest thou to earth,  
O falling leaf?  
Dost thou speak of golden times  
By swirling script in runic rimes  
Whilst falling thus?

Or wouldst thou tell all fallen leaves  
At Winter's shrine  
That the age of youth has passed  
And sunlit days give way at last  
To ruthless winds?

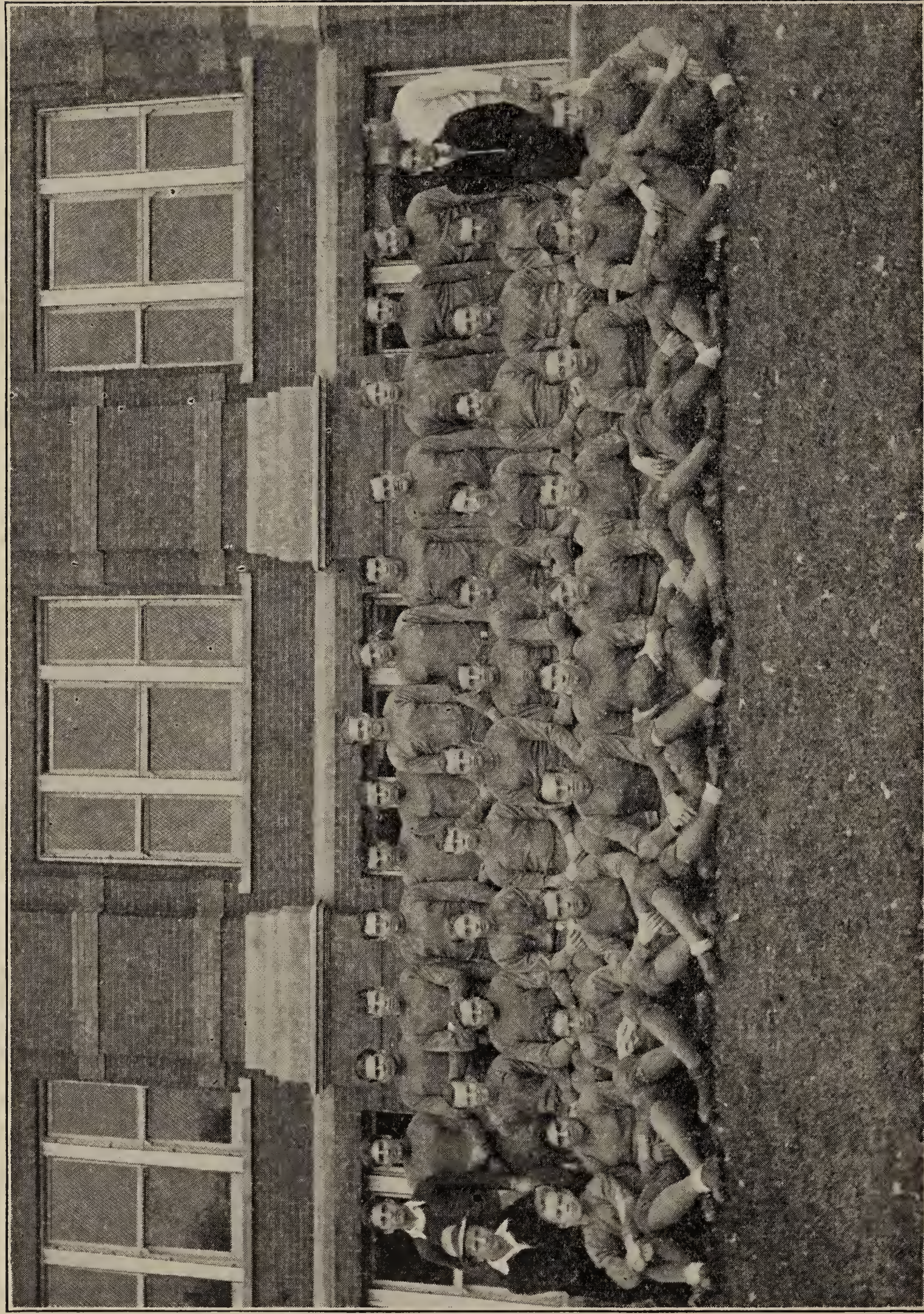
Perchance on thee a fairy spun  
A note for me,  
Telling me of life's import  
That I must set my sail for port  
On distant seas.

If thus thy urging whisper bodes  
Ill fate for me;  
Answer then with stern decree  
To wend for realms that are carefree  
And I shall start.









St. Joe's 1933 Football Squad





## SPORTS

### Valparaiso Frosh Trounces St. Joe

**T**HE St. Joe Cards, having traded their Cardinal jerseys for purple, trotted upon the college field on October 28 to mend a nine-year break in interscholastic gridiron encounters. But the Cardinal wave was at low ebb, and Valparaiso's ship of sturdy warriors sailed to a hard fought victory 13-6. Many were the thudding blocks, the crashing tackles, the smack of the shoe upon the oval pigskin, the shrill gurgle of the referee's whistle, the heaps and piles of yellow and purple jerseys, the long sleek passes, the "Hi de Ho" of the St. Joe cheerers—and through it all a vicious St. Joe fighting spirit was trying to equalize the devastating effects of inexperience. And it almost succeeded, its doom being spelled by a break on a blocked punt. There is some saying that "experience is a dear teacher;" certainly not a gentle one!

Two scrappy teams fought it out on the local gridiron displaying a well-coached brand of football. The boys from upstate had a rhythmic, speedy backfield protected by a good forward wall, which was not quite solid. Their offense was built about a nifty ball carrier, Willie Karr, a former Thornton Fractional High School star, in Calumet City, Illinois, who more than once fooled St. Joe by his sly and speedy footwork. Coach DeCook's men, employing the effective Notre Dame system, and with new equipment draping their husky backs, played a cool and snappy type of ball. St. Joe backs, under the calm and commanding generalship of La Noue, ripped off tackle, plunged through guard and skirted end for gains; while the linemen opened holes and blocked hard to make those gains possible.

Under a heavy cloud-hung sky at approximately 2 p. m., Captain



Altieri, having won the toss, elected to receive. With St. Joe defending the northern goal, Valparaiso kicked off, and Scheidler took the ball on the 23 yard line but was driven out of bounds on his own 35 tape stripe. Then a series of gallops in the wide open spaces by O'Grady, half and full spinners by Sheehan, mixed up with line smashes by Scheidler, carried the ball to Valparaiso's 40 yard line. St. Joe chalked up more in its favor by a big gain in the exchange of punts. Then came the play that lit the fuse to St. Joe's hopes and expectations. O'Grady dropped back ten yards and heaved a pass which in beauty put the Graf Zeppelin to shame. Heckman, St. Joe's left end, pulled it out of the sky and stepped into the coveted territory for St. Joe's first touchdown. Scheidler's beautiful drop-kick was misaimed and St. Joe shinned with a six point edge. A little later in this same quarter, Captain Altieri was forced to punt from his 20 yard stripe. As the kick was blocked, the ball went twirling high into the air giving Nath, Valparaiso's Captain and left end, a chance to get under it and canter off for a touchdown. Karr failed on his try for point as the first quarter of a thrilling game ended.

In the second quarter the Cards gained the upper hand; but what good is an upper hand if the score keeper can't chalk up a few digits? So the half ended 6-6.

In the third quarter blood was dripping about equally on both sides

until Valpo's speedy backfield caught the Purple-clads napping. After a series of end runs, the upstaters right half, Karr, slipped wide around left end hotly pursued by McCrate, who had replaced O'Grady. McCrate's tackle on the goal line was to no avail, and Valpo took the lead. Karr kicked goal to set the final score of the game, 13-6.

The fourth quarter of the game went about even with St. Joe fighting hard to gain another marker. St. Joe was deep in the yellow-jers-ey's' territory when the gun cracked out the end of the game.

St. Joe was defeated, but the score could not tell the value of experience the Cardinals won from that contest. Every man who got in the game played good ball, and there was no hero—there was cooperation. Captain Altieri and Fontana starred in defensive work while the backfield honors were divided nearly equally.

### A TOUGH BEGINNING

#### St. Joseph's vs Valparaiso (Frosh)

St. Joseph's	Position	Valpo
Altieri, Cap.	LE	Nath, Cap.
DeCocker	LT	Naehring
Leuterman	LG	Kasplan
Penny	C	Mahler
Conces	RG	Uhrig
Fontana	RT	Backus
Heckman	RE	Dale
La Noue	QB	Andres
Sheehan	LHB	Drziewiki
O'Grady	RHB	Karr
Scheidler	FB	Sievers

Officials—

Referee: Puetz (Penn State).



Umpire: McColly (Rensselaer).

Headlinesman: Kresler (Rensselaer).

Timekeeper: Parker (Wisconsin).

Substitutions— St. Joe: Rager, Bierberg, McCrate, Yacobian, La-

Fontain, Armbuster, Kostka and Smolar.

Valparaiso: Ondov, Reith, Johnson, Scherer.

Touchdowns—St. Joe: Heckman; Valparaiso, Nath, Karr.

Point after touchdown—Valparaiso: Karr (placement).

### St. Joe and St. Viator Frosh Break Even

Smarting under the defeat of a week previous, and ready to match its wares with a reputed detachment of St. Viator gridders, a smarter St. Joe team filed onto the college field on October 28. It was an ideal day for football with a crispy atmosphere peculiar to St. Joe; there was no wind but the sun had his overhead seat ready to see what proved to be the most exciting game in this part of the mid-west. For this game ended, as do those of story books, with the hero stepping over the line as the gun sounds. In the stirring last half of this long-to-be-remembered contest, the powerful St. Joe Cards hit and drove, smashed and crashed the line to gain for themselves an even break with their opponents who had rolled up a lead of seven points in the early minutes of the game. It was a grand finale!

In the first quarter, the Cards started out with big gains and several first downs by La Noue, St. Joe's revamped quarterback playing at left half. St. Viator's learned to appreciate the fancy side-stepping and reverses of La Noue, and before

long he was assisted from the field, his ankle badly sprained. After this the Cards played in a seeming haze until they were rudely awakened by Chinn, the much talked of "No. 7", who sped around the right end for twenty-three yards to score. Gibbons, St. Viator's quarterback, sent the pigskin twirling between the uprights for another point. The quarter ended with St. Joe deep in Viator's territory.

With first down and sixteen yards to goal, the start of the second quarter held high hopes for the Cards. But O'Grady's pass into the end zone fell incomplete and the backs of St. Viator undertook the task of advancing the ball from their own twenty yard line. In this quarter and in the third many St. Joe passes fell incomplete and few substantial gains could be made by either side.

The eventful fourth quarter found St. Joe machinating far in the opponent's territory, with the Cardinal backs driving hard for a marker behind the stellar work of their husky line led by Captain Fontana and DeCocker. Leuterman,

cracking the line in Rusty Scheidler's place, gained consistently, with Sheehan picking up his share. Then O'Grady tossed one to Rudy Kuhn, who had replaced Norm Heckman, putting the groaning oval on the 25-liner. Johnnie Sheehan couldn't handle a pass from center and fumbled as St. Viator's was penalized for off-sides. Scheidler resumed his duties in the Cardinal backfield knifing through St. Viator's forward wali, and referee Puetz put the ball in play fifteen yards from St. Viator's line. Scheidler again cracked guard for four yards. Sheehan was unable to gain, sustaining a leg injury which forced him from the game. Rusty Scheidler picked up two more yards off tackle. Smolar latest Cardinal "find" in quarterbacks, made a three-point landing on the seven-yard line—seven measly yards from a touchdown. On the final play of the game Smolar, using his southpaw abilities, passed to Len Kostka who stepped over the line as the gun banged out the end of the game. St. Joe went wild! Then O'Grady tied the score with a beautiful placement. Did the Cards come through? Was everybody happy? Place your bet!

The Cards and St. Viator each attempted six passes, and each completed two. St. Joe's two completed passes netted fifty-five yards; while St. Viator gained fifteen through the airways. St. Viator held an edge on the Cards in averaged punts with fifty-three yards to St. Joe's forty. The Cardinal varsity marked

up eleven first downs to its credit as compared to six for St. Viator's.

### A FIGHTING SPIRIT AS FIERY AS THEIR NAME

#### St. Joseph's vs. St. Viator's (Frosh)

St. Joe	Position	St. Viator
Altieri	LE	Drolet
DeCocker	LT	Peyton
Leuterman	LG	Maken
Bisig	C	Hargrove
Conces	RG	McCarthy
Fontana, Cap.	RT	Stoskbar
Heckman	RE	Rogers
Smolar	QB	Gibbons
O'Grady	LHB	Sullivan
La Noue	RHB	Chinn
Scheidler	FB	Drassler

Touchdowns—St. Joe: Kostka;  
St. Viator: Karrons.

Points after touchdown—St. Joe:  
O'Grady, (placement); St. Viator:  
Gibbons (drop-kick).

Officials—

Referee: Puetz (Penn State).

Umpire: McColly (Rensselaer).

Head Linesman: Eaglesbach,  
Rensselaer).

Timekeeper: Parker (Wisconsin).

Due to unlooked for difficulties the Elmhurst-St. Joe game has been cancelled. So with the playing of these two games, St. Joe ends her football season, a season of experience rather than success. Games already acquired for next year point to a hard and interesting schedule in the great American sport.



## INTRAMURAL ATHLETICS

**Fifths Down Thirds in Opener 19-0**

The Fifths opened the intramural football season to the tune of a 19-0 victory over the youngsters of the Third Year. The inexperienced team representing Stock Hall were unable to cope with the onslaught of the versatile Fifths. Samis and Suelzer were the shining lights of the Fifths, with Junk and Ryan performing well for the losers.

**Sixths, 12; Fourths, 0**

Superior weight and driving power carried a smooth-working Sixth Year eleven to victory over the Fighting Fourths. The High-School Seniors showed ability and aggressiveness but lacked the needed last little punch to win. Herbst, with his powerful line plunging, and Rosenthal showing exceptional ability

in open field running, starred for the Sixths, while Zimmerman, Bruskotter, and Flaherty were the backbone of the Fourth year attack.

**Seniors Win Again**

In a rather lop-sided contest, the St. Joe Seniors took full measure of the Thirds, amassing 13 points while their underclassmen were retaining their goose-egg. Rosenthal gave the spectators a thrill when he returned a punt over half the field for a touchdown. Pallone, playing for the first time in the capacity of fullback, took Herbst's place who was out of the game with an injured shoulder. The Thirds were missing several men due to Varsity basketball practice and this probably accounts in some way for their failure to collect any points.

**HARDWOOD PREVIEW**

Already football is passing from the minds of students here at St. Joe, and basketball is the sport in the limelight. To win a position

on the varsity basketball team is a coveted ability, and over fifty men are trying their chances. Everyone of them has high hopes. To

Coach DeCook goes the tough task of sifting fifteen men from these fifty who will uphold the records set here last year. Hopes for a great season this year are voiced by nearly everybody excepting Coach Ray DeCook, St. Joe's esteemed mentor, who is rather skeptical of the outlook. When interviewed, the Coach said: "Although quite a few lettermen have returned this year and are well acquainted with our system, nevertheless, the difficult schedule arranged will make it tough going." Quite a few players of repute have taken up their schooling here at St. Joe, but how they will fit into the Notre Dame system used here is a question that time alone will settle. The schedule provides practically only one practice game, that with a North Judson, Indiana parish team, and the strength of this quintet is unknown. It might be a stiff contest. The Cardinals this year have an added incentive, for, throughout all of last

year, the varsity did not lose a game on the home floor; a record worth keeping unmarred.

The complete basketball schedule for 1933-1934 has not been arranged as yet, but Coach DeCook hopes to have from twenty to twenty-five games. Six contests, in which St. Joe intends to plug the opening with the brown spheroid more often than her opponents have been arranged before the Christmas holidays. Following is the pre-vacational schedule:

- December 1—Kokomo (Ind.) College here.
- December 3—North Judson (Ind.), here.
- December 8—Valparaiso Varsity, here.
- December 13—Gallagher College of Kankakee (Ill.), here (indef.).
- December 16—Huntington (Ind.), College, there.
- December 20—St. John's (Whiting, Ind.), here.



## PEP SECTION

**P**RACTICALLY everybody has at some time or other in life felt the thrill, the pride, the joy that resulted from success in ventures or

undertakings. If you, students of St. Joseph's, have never before experienced this feeling of satisfaction, you have reasons to hold that it has



now come to you. Do you realize the meaning of this statement? Plainly, the scores achieved by the football team in recent bouts only show an indifferent success, but your cheering was not a matter of indifference. You cheered heartily, and you did it to good purpose. The fact that the first game slipped out of sight produced no dumbness in your ranks. On the contrary, you were louder, louder, louder. As a result of your happy support, St. Joe tied the St. Viator Frosh.

Stop here? No! These games were hardly a beginning—they are only a prelude to the real start, **BASKETBALL SEASON**. Here is where you are expected to do your regular stuff. St. Joe will have a team; will that team have spirit? To produce that spirit is your

particular business. You must help to win. If St. Joe's team will be victorious, it will be due to your support by cheering at the games. The louder you cheer, the more points for St. Joe—**SO CHEER**.

Note well that an entirely new system of cheering is being doped out. Watch the list. But meanwhile, if you have a notion of a cheer or get an inspiration for one, hand it in to the cheer leader before the next "pep meeting." The exact date of this meeting will be made known in good time. Lists of new cheers will be distributed for inspection, and not only for that, but every one of you must memorize these cheers and know them by number when the first "pep meeting" is held.

J. G. T.





# Humor



Soph: "Where you from?"

Frosh: "Whosiville, Va."

Soph: "One of them jerkwater towns where everyone goes down to meet the train?"

Frosh: "What train?"

Fischer: "I hear they are making raids near St. Joe's for dope."

McKune: "Which one?"

Hession: "If I lay five eggs here and three eggs here, how many will I have?"

Sang: "I don't believe you can do it."

Dumb: "I know a girl who plays the piano by ear."

Dumber: "That's nothing, I know a man who fiddles with his whiskers."

A new kind of perpetual motion  
—A Jew trying to collect from a Scotchman.

"Why did you tip the cloak-room girl so much?"

"Look at the brand new hat she gave me."

Taken all in all, there is not nearly so much satisfaction in sleeping through a radio sermon.

Supporter: "Were you surprised when you received the nomination?"

Candidate: "I'll say I was. Why say, my acceptance speech nearly fell out of my hands."

And what did the king do when he found a leak in the tub?

"He yelled: 'A plug! A plug! My kingdom for a plug!'"

Masiarz: "I hear that you and your neighbor are on the outs. What happened?"

Bierberg: "Well I was playing the piano one day and he sent an axe over with a note saying, 'Try this on your piano!'"

Scott: "Radiator caps should be more artistic. The cap's a prominent feature."

Kaintuck: "Yassuh, it's 'bout the first thing that strikes you."

When e'er a hen lays eggs, with each  
She is impelled to make a speech.  
The self-same urge stirs human  
bones

Whenever men lay cornerstones.

"What sort of a tooth-brush do you want?"

"Let me have a big one, there are thirty men in our Fraternity."



Whatever trouble Adam had,  
No man in days of yore,  
Could say when he had told a joke,  
"I've heard that one before."

---

Mope: "I wonder how Thanks-giving originated?"

Dope: "It was probably instituted by parents whose sons survived the football season."

---

Comedian: "Look here, I object to going on just after the monkey act."

Manager: "Well, perhaps you're right. They might think you were the encore."

---

The small delivery boy was delivering to a new customer and had encountered a huge dog in the yard.

"Come in," said the lady, "he doesn't bite."

The boy still hung back. "Does he swallow?" he asked.

---

Golfer: "If you laugh at me again I'll knock your block off."

Caddy: "Haw, haw, you wouldn't even know which club to use."

Tourist: "Those Indians have a blood-curdling yell."

Guide: "Yes, ma'am every one of them is a college graduate."

---

Would-be-suicide: "Don't rescue me. I want to die."

Swimmer: "Well, you'll have to postpone it. I want a life-saving medal."

---

Volin: "She sang that song in a haunting manner."

Storm: "Do you think so?"

Volin: "Yes, there was just the ghost of a resemblance to the original air."

---

Admiral (on inspection): "What would you do if the Captain fainted on the bridge?"

Sailor: "Bring him to, sir."

Admiral: "Then what?"

Sailor: "Bring him two more."

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes Siam."

"Then Russia to the table and I'll Fiji."

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Short

---

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**"HER BODY GUARD"**

News

Silly Symphony

Short

---

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, November 26-27-28

Mae West and Cary Grant in

**"I'M NO ANGEL"**

News

Screen Souvenir

Mickey Mouse

---

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 29-30, Dec. 1

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